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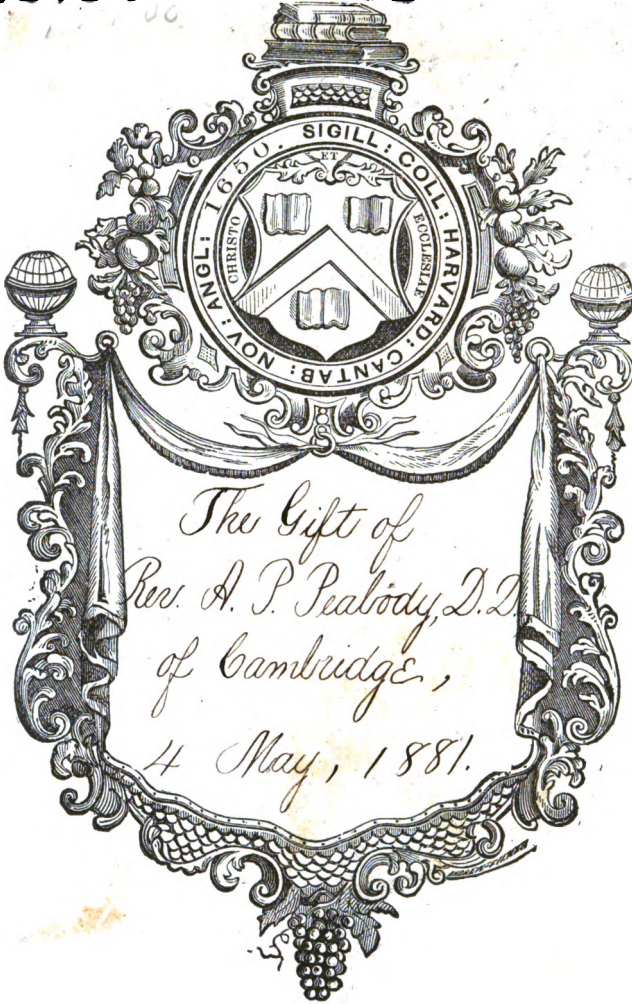


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# EASTER SERVICES

OF THE

Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BEING

A SERMON

BY

A. P. PUTNAM, Pastor,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION,

THE GENERAL MORNING WORSHIP,

THE

DEDICATION OF THE MISSION CHAPEL,

AND

THE VESPER SERVICE.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1876.

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(A. W. 126.)

### NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

Easter Sunday of the current year was an occasion of unusual importance to the Church of the Saviour, the dedication of the new Mission Chapel in Willow Place, added to the customary observances of the Anniversary, having crowded the hours with interest, and made them a marked era in the history of the Society. A desire was felt that the general proceedings of the day should have some suitable and permanent record in pamphlet form, and hence the publication of the following pages. Most of the songs, prayers and readings are here omitted altogether, or are only partially indicated. Some of them, as they occurred in the Sunday School and Mission School services, appeared in full in the two printed Orders of Exercises, copies of which were distributed and used at the time. The reports which are given of the various addresses of the Pastor, and of Messrs. Low, Ropes and White, are due to the well-known stenographer, Mr. E. P. Ackerman, of this city.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION, - - - - -	5
Address by Mr. Ripley Ropes, - - - - -	6
"    "    Mr. A. A. Low, - - - - -	10
"    "    Rev. A. P. Putnam, - - - - -	11
MORNING SERVICES IN THE CHURCH, - - - - -	14
Sermon by A. P. Putnam, Pastor, - - - - -	15
DEDICATION OF THE MISSION CHAPEL, - - - - -	27
Address by the Pastor, - - - - -	30
History of the Mission, and Address by Mr. A. T. White, - - - - -	37
Address by Mr. Low, - - - - -	45
"    "    Mr. Ropes, - - - - -	48
VESPER SERVICE, - - - - -	55
Vesper Address by the Pastor, - - - - -	55



## SUNDAY-SCHOOL CELEBRATION.

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The Sunday School, in view of the dedication of the new chapel later in the day, held its Easter Festival in its own edifice at 9:15 in the morning, instead of meeting with the Mission School, as in previous years, in the church in the afternoon. At the appointed hour, the room was well filled with the children and with their teachers and friends. The music for the occasion had been arranged by Miss Caroline L. Low, who had also composed several of the pieces to which hymns were to be sung in the Anniversary exercises of the two schools. In preparation for the Easter services, the children had rehearsed their songs for several Sundays under the special direction of Mr. Ethelbert M. Low. A committee of ladies, appointed for the purpose, consisting of Miss S. Louise Sheldon, Mrs. Annie C. Child, and Miss Emily T. Greene, had tastefully adorned the desk with a profusion of flowers, which, after the benediction, were distributed to the classes. The same committee had in charge the more elaborate decorations of the pulpit, font, tables and tablets of the Church, whence, at a subsequent hour, many a welcome floral offering was sent to the sick or afflicted ones of the Parish. Hundreds of these bouquets had been made the evening before in the basement of the Church by the young people.

The list of Officers and Teachers of the School is as follows :

William C. Gardner, *Superintendent*. *Teachers*—Miss Sarah Ann Russell, Mrs. R. H. Greene, Miss Alice B. Cary, George C. Brackett, Alfred T. White, Mrs. A. K. Towne, Miss C. L. Low, Miss Annie E. Lindley, Miss Mary Bowman, Miss Annie J. Lyman, Miss Nellie H. Greene, Mrs. F. Hussey, Mrs. E. A. Low, Wm. A. Butler, Miss Emma C. Low, Miss J. S. Vidaud, Ethelbert M. Low, Mrs. A. S. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Thayer, Miss Minnie Lamson, Mrs. Annie C. Child, Miss Frances S. Boyd, Miss S. Louise Sheldon, Miss Bessie S. Gilbert, William T. Catterfield, Mrs. R. C. Leonard, and Albert Cromwell. *Treasurer*—Ethelbert M. Low. *Secretary*—Miss Josephine S. Vidaud. *Librarians*—A. W.



Frothingham, J. R. Jewett and Henry S. Blossom. Several valued workers were absent, Miss Annie J. Lyman being sick in Venice, Italy, Mr. Holland C. Anthony, the former faithful librarian, pursuing his studies for a time in Paris, and Miss Caroline L. Low watching at home at the bedside of her mother,\* who was lying dangerously ill. One or two others, also, were unable to attend. Old and young were made glad at the presence of Mr. W. A. Butler, a most efficient and beloved teacher and helper in both schools, who had returned from his winter home at Lexington, Mass., to spend Easter Sunday with his numerous friends in Brooklyn.

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### SERVICES.

The services, conducted by the Pastor and Superintendent, were opened by the singing of the Doxology,

"From all that dwell below the skies,"

the whole audience rising and joining in the hymn. This was followed by the reading of the 20th chapter of the Gospel of John, after which the children sang

"List, my heart, those sounds of gladness,"

and then continued the exercises with the 20th service in their accustomed book of devotions, and with the carol,

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high."

Mr. Gardner, having made a few prefatory remarks, introduced Ripley Ropes, Esq., as the first speaker.

### MR. ROPES' ADDRESS.

This, my friends, is the beginning of a very busy day in the annals of the Church of the Saviour, but I believe it will be a very profitable day; and I doubt not that, when it is ended, we shall all be the happier for having done what we could to testify our love for the Master. I bless God with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my

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\*Mrs. Ellen O. Low, a highly esteemed member of the Church of the Saviour, died at her residence, in Tompkins Place, April 27, 1876, aged 68 years. She was the widow of James W. Low, formerly one of the Deacons of the Church,

mind, that, however it may be with other churches claiming to be, or said to be, of the liberal faith, there never has gone forth from the pulpit of *this* church any uncertain sound concerning Christ. God grant that it may always thus be so, for sad, sad indeed, will it be for the Church, and sad for all of us, as individuals, when we fail to confess the Master before men.

When I came in at that door this morning, the first thing that met my eye was the motto—those words there in flowers: “Christ is risen.” It recalls an incident that occurred a few days since, and that made an impression on my own mind as I think it will also on yours.

A week ago to-day I was invited by a friend—who lives in the vicinity of this church—to go into the Sunday School of his church, which is not very far away, and hear the Sabbath School scholars sing their Easter hymns. There were, perhaps, one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty scholars there, including an infant class of, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty children. So, after they had sung a little hymn and sat down, the Superintendent said to them:

“I wonder, children, if there are any of you who can tell me what ‘*Easter*’ means?”

After a moment passed, a little five-year old boy stood up and said:

“*I* know.”

“Well, what does it mean?” said the superintendent. The little boy said:

“It means ‘Christ is risen.’”

Now, I knew that little boy, I know him well, and I was resolved to follow the matter up and find his source of information, for I thought it very strange that a dozen little five-year old boys didn’t say they knew! So, I went to his house a day or two after and I talked with him, and said I:

“How did you know what ‘*Easter*’ meant?”

“Well,” he said, “Mr. Ropes, I’ll tell you. *I found that out in your church.* Last Easter-day my aunt—who

likes very much to go to your church—went across with me to the Easter festival when the children in your Sabbath School were addressed, and as soon as I went in the door I saw the words '*Christ is risen,*' and I talked with my aunt about it, and my papa, and my mamma, and they told me *that* was 'Easter'—'Christ had risen.'"

Now you see, dear children, little things sometimes are very significant; that little acts that we may sometimes perform bring about larger results! That little boy was enabled to tell every other scholar in that school what '*Easter*' meant! *And he learned it here.* Isn't that encouraging? And isn't it *always* encouraging whenever we say good words or perform good deeds? And I hope that it is in this spirit that you have come here this morning, in obedience to that still, small voice which young Samuel heard at Shiloh when he ministered unto the Lord before Eli, in the Temple. Samuel heard the voice and said at length, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." God now speaks to *you*, and beckons you, and it will be a happy morning to you all, if, like Samuel, you hear and obey.

I remember reading not long ago a story about a poor old basket-maker. He was lame, and in pitiful health, and blind. He couldn't see, as you and I can see, the beautiful trees and flowers, and the heavens, and the sunshine of God, that is constantly about us to make us happy. And yet he was content. Blind as he was, he sat there all the day long in his little cottage, working and making baskets, and his poor old sister used to go into the woods and bring in the wood and split it up for him, and he sat there and wove the baskets. One day a little boy, about six or seven years old, who frequently went there to see him, heard him singing, and wondered how it was that he could be so happy and sing so cheerfully when he was so unfortunate. He couldn't understand it, so he said:

"Uncle, tell me why it is you are so happy always?"

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. Because I am near to Heaven. Every day brings me nearer to Heaven.

Although I can't see the trees and the flowers, as you can, yet I can see, perhaps, more than *you* can see, and more than a good many others can see. I turn in upon myself, as it were, and I realize that I am nearer to Heaven, and that, when I get there, I shall see the Master, and I shall see my mother and my father, and my sisters and my brothers, and all who have gone before me, and I shall be happy."

The little boy comprehended it, and yet failed to comprehend that we can't enter the Heaven above without we enter it here. We must begin here.

Now, don't be content with being happy only every "Easter morning." But let every morning be an "Easter morning." Rise into newness of life and newness of heart. Listen to what is told you by your teachers, and go out and talk it over among yourselves, and bring it into prominence with others.

And now, my somewhat older friends, members of this school, young gentlemen and young ladies, I said a few moments ago this was to be a very busy day in the history of the Church of the Saviour. The day is just begun. Impressive services are soon to take place—very impressive services in the church this forenoon, and this afternoon in the dedication of the Mission Chapel.

I don't know if it occurs to you that sooner or later that responsibility must fall upon you. Fit yourselves for it here day by day. Don't go out of the Sabbath School, but remain here in it. Here you are safe, and, as long as you remain here, you are more surely in God's care, for here influences encompass you that will enable you to do well all the work you have to do in life, and you shall so grow in grace and in godliness that the work will be easy for you when it comes to you, as come it must. Thus you will be better fitted to be teachers here and in the Mission School, and fitted for all those positions which the older members must sooner or later yield up to you. And happier will *they* be when they understand, and they surely *will* understand and say, that it is all passing into good and

faithful hands. The mantle is to fall upon those who are not only willing but able to wear it, and the work will go on. Thus, the Church of the Saviour will be blessed in your life, and not only the Church of the Saviour, but the world will be blessed that you have lived in it.

The Superintendent then called upon A. A. Low, Esq., who was present, and who spoke as follows :

#### MR. LOW'S ADDRESS.

It is very kind of your Superintendent to ask me to say a few words this morning, and I do assure you, my young friends, that I should esteem it a very great privilege to speak to you, if, in coming here, I felt charged with some special message, whether to teachers or children of the school. The best address, in my own estimation, is that which comes right from the heart, for it is truly said, that "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." Now, if I could speak to you from the fulness of the heart, or even from some special preparation, it would be well. But, in truth, I came here like yourselves, to seek instruction ; to gather hope and strength from the exercises of the school, and the church, to which we will presently repair. I feel, and know, perhaps, better than yourselves, how much both Sunday School and Church are needed for the establishment and preservation of a sound christian faith. And the youngest of the children, here present, will come to realize, by-and-by, how important it is to carefully observe all these sacred days which the church, in the wisdom of its order, is accustomed to celebrate. The habitual use of such opportunities for reflection as these commemorative seasons afford will assist in moulding the religious character, and their observance in a proper spirit is to be regarded with especial favor, as well by those of tender age, as by those of older years whose hearts are susceptible of good impressions. Let us, then, hold to these festivals, and keep alive in our minds and hearts events of sacred interest to all true believers.



Emerging from the cares and occupations of my work-day life, I came here to listen rather than to speak, to participate in the pleasure of the services ordered and arranged for this morning hour, to listen to the music of your songs, and to unite with you in expressing in choral strain our gratitude to God for the hope of immortal life which this Easter-day permits us to cherish. Aided thus, and by such words of wisdom as may presently come to us from the pastor and the pulpit above, let us humbly endeavor to gain all needed instruction to guide us in our future walk, amid the duties, trials and temptations of life ! My charge to teachers and children will simply be this, viz., that you, one and all, strive so to improve this festive occasion, that in the coming year it may be to you a source of joyous anticipation, as well as a day of sweet and sacred import.

Mr. Low's remarks were followed with the singing by the children of the hymn,

"Day of wonder, day of gladness,"

after which the Pastor addressed the School as follows :

#### ADDRESS OF THE PASTOR.

I shall go into the Church in a few minutes to perform a baptismal service, and what I have to say will be very brief indeed.

On a certain time the King of Prussia was called to address a Sunday School, and, while speaking to the children, he said, taking up an orange that lay near :

"What kingdom, children, does *this* belong to?"

One of the children said, "The vegetable kingdom."

"That's right," said he ; and then taking out a gold coin from his pocket, he said :

"Now tell me what kingdom *that* belongs to?"

Another said, "The mineral kingdom."

The King was pleased to find such answers so promptly given from the little ones before him, and then he said :

"Now, what kingdom do *I* belong to?"

There was a little girl right in front of him who knew the answer to be given, but she thought if she should say he belonged to the "animal" kingdom it might not be so very gracious to his majesty, the King of Prussia, for she feared that somehow she might thus be calling a royal personage and an immortal being a mere animal, and so, coloring deeply, she gave this reply:

"You belong to *God's* kingdom, sir."

Well, the King was very much moved. The tears came into his eyes. He put his hand upon the little girl's head, and said:

"That was a good answer, but I am afraid I do not truly belong to God's kingdom. But, it is the best word that has ever been spoken to me, and all the more as it has come to me from a little girl. I will, by the grace of God, from this hour try to make it sure that I *do* belong to God's kingdom."

And the influence of that little girl's answer was never lost upon the character and life of the King of Prussia.

Now, my young friends, we, somehow, belong, all of us, to God's kingdom, because we are "created in the image of God," and are all his children, and shall live forever. And this day, this Easter morning, commemorative of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and speaking to us, as it does, of the great truth of immortality, calls upon us, each and all, to belong to God's Kingdom indeed. We are to remember to-day, that we are deathless beings, and are not like the beasts that perish. We have gone out into the world, and how often during these days and weeks and months have forgotten the fact that we have immortal souls, that we are children of God. And if we shall this day practically take home this truth to our souls, that we shall never die but forever live, what a blessed influence it will exert upon our whole character and life!

To-day, children, is the day to *rise*. Christ rose from the dead, and the call is upon us to rise in thought, to rise in purpose, to rise in character, to rise in life, and so rise to heaven, to God. It is a fitting time to form good reso-

lutions and purposes, and never shall we have a better. It is a blessed time to begin earnestly to live in such a manner that we shall be better and happier ourselves, and make better and happier the world around us. Then, as we pass on from Easter to Easter, from youth to age, and from the life that now is to the life that is to be, we shall more and more be the true children of God and heirs of His Kingdom.

At the conclusion of the Pastor's remarks, the School sang the Easter Hymn, "Christ is risen ! Alleluia !" after which Dr. FARLEY made a closing prayer and pronounced the benediction. The flowers were then distributed, and the audience repaired to the church.

## MORNING SERVICES IN THE CHURCH.

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The general worship of the Congregation, at 10½ o'clock, was immediately preceded by the baptism of ten children who were connected with the Society, and whose parents were Mr. and Mrs. C. S. S. Lennox and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gammon. In the regular service that followed, as also in the subsequent administration of the Lord's Supper, the pastor was assisted by his predecessor, Rev. Dr. Farley. A large audience was present, and the order of exercises is indicated in the form printed below. The music was highly appropriate to the day, and, excepting the hymns of the morning, which were sung by the choir and congregation both, was rendered by the choir alone, consisting of Charles E. Thomas, Organist ; Frederick Stein, Basso ; Miss Ida W. Hubbell, Soprano ; Mrs. F. E. Crane, Contralto, and Mr. H. M. Methfessel, Tenor.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Organ Voluntary, . . . . . Donizetti
2. Easter Anthem—"Christ is Risen," . . . . . S. P. Warren
3. Reading from the Psalms.
4. Invocation.
5. Te Deum Laudamus, . . . . . S. P. Warren
6. Reading from the New Testament.
7. Solo, by Mrs. Crane—"He shall feed His flock," . . . . . Handel
8. Prayer.
9. Solo, by Miss Hubbell—"I know that my Redeemer  
liveth," . . . . . Handel
10. Sermon, by the Pastor.
11. Lord's Prayer.
12. Gloria, *Twelfth Mass*, during Easter Collection.
13. Congregational Hymn, . . . . . 415, Hymn and Tune Book
14. Benediction.

# S E R M O N .

*Alfred Porter*  
BY A. P. PUTNAM.

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## LIFE THROUGH CHRIST.

“When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.”—*Colossians*, 3, 4.

*Life* is the one vital, comprehensive word. As used in the higher Scriptural sense, it denotes all moral and spiritual energy and excellence. It is not purity alone, nor truth, nor justice, nor courage, nor patience, nor love, nor self-sacrifice, but all of these combined. It is the full aggregation and complete harmony of all those virtues and graces which God imparts to the soul of man, and which shone forth in such perfection in the character of Jesus Christ. God is its original fountain. He is the primal source of all divine energy, as He is the one proper object of our supreme worship and service. But His Spirit quickeneth whom He will, and just as He creates and endows great sages and prophets, that they may guide humanity along the paths of knowledge and wisdom to some happier fortune, so He raised up Jesus of Nazareth, and poured into him the highest gifts, in the most abundant measure, to the end that he might be the one pre-eminent teacher, inspirer, comforter, Saviour of the race. God gives of His own life through souls He has created, and constitutes them the fitting and indispensably necessary channels of His truth and grace. But through Christ, more than through any other who has lived on the earth, the river of life has coursed into human beings, and into human society. He came to mediate the divine life to men,



in the largest and richest supplies. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Great and good men before him had brought life into the world, but not enough of it. Read the pages of ancient history, and every chapter will make you sad with the thought, how little real life, comparatively speaking, existed in the nations. It is no mere common-place of the pulpit, when one says in his sermon, that in Greece and Rome, and all the mighty empires of the olden time, the higher interests of mankind were on the road of swift decline, and were threatened with inevitable dissolution and death. Waste and weakness were everywhere visible. Such is the sober verdict of all the best writers. Life was needed, to re-invigorate the decaying civilizations of the earth, and it came with Christianity. Accordingly, ever since its advent, the tide has set in an opposite direction, the race has steadily made progress in truth, in virtue, in liberty, and in love to God and love to man. There have been checks, hindrances, and relapses. But, on the whole, humanity has gone forward, and is still advancing. There never was so much life in the world as there is to-day; life that recreates and makes all things new and beautiful. There is wickedness enough, misery enough, death enough, we all know. Yet is there more moral and spiritual life abroad, in the hearts of men, and in the nations of the earth, than at any former period.

I do not say that it is all due to Christianity. Much of it has come from other sources, through other channels. But I do say that our chief good has come thence, and that the one great animating principle that arrested the downward tendency of antiquity, infused fresh vigor into the old order of things, gave to the masses something higher and better to think about and to aspire to, gladdened them with brighter hopes and stimulated them to a more earnest spiritual and beneficent walk and conversation, is to be traced to the incarnate Son of God. It is not difficult to understand how and why it should be so. The new religion must have needs given to men a deeper, surer sense of

unseen and eternal things. The heavens were opened as never before. The powerful, sacred personality of the ascended, yet ever-present Christ, was a felt reality, a perpetual inspiration. With the *eye* of faith men saw him in his risen and glorified state, seated at the right hand of the Majesty on High and victorious forever over sin and the grave, and they found unwonted strength and joy in the sight—while with the *heart* of faith they felt him also near, entering into their experiences, encouraging them in their struggles, and helping them in all their ways, and they realized still more the blessed peace of those who believe and serve. In that heavenly light and life they lived and moved and had their being, and as the divine contagion spread and Christian communities were multiplied, far and near, what should hinder that society in general should not be permeated by this better spirit, and give signs of a glorious resurrection?

And so it was. Christianity refined and exalted society wherever its power extended. It broke down the barriers of caste, it ensured humaner laws, it introduced among men kinder, more benevolent feelings. It hastened the extinction of slavery in the Roman Empire, it elevated woman in the scale of existence, it gave new interest to the care and education of children, it led to a juster appreciation of the significance and sanctity of human life, and it strewed the world with charities. The idols of a false worship fell before its onward march. Wherever it extended its sway, heathen sacrifices were abolished forever. Pagan temples were converted into Christian churches. Literature, as well as Art, was consecrated by the new spirit of life. Missionaries went forth into all the lands and preached the crucified and risen Lord, and wherever they went the multitudes were lifted out of a thousand sordid pursuits and cares, gloomy fears and debasing indulgences, in which they had been immersed, and were caught up to nobler aspirations and a grander service. Christianity presented vaster and more inspiring themes and objects to the minds of men. God was

revealed and brought near. The great law of human brotherhood was more fully understood. Feudal systems were undermined. The Protestant reformation attested the onward triumphs of the Redeemer. Pilgrims bore from the old world to the new the Ark of the Lord, here to found a Christian Empire, which should be the richest trophy of the King of Kings. The mighty movements for emancipation have been instinct with the life of the Gospel. The selfishness and cupidity of man in all the ages and countries have established systems of oppression and wrong, but it has been only in heathen or Mohammedan nations that they have succeeded in holding their myriad victims in permanent and hopeless bondage. Christian countries, one by one, have broken the heavy yoke, and let the oppressed go free—England, Russia, Brazil, America, and I know not how many more. The urgent and perpetual appeal has been to the Sermon on the Mount, the Spirit of Christ, the Law of Love, as illustrated by him who came to preach deliverance to the captives, and who laid down his life for the world. It has not been in vain. It will not be in vain in all the way that lies before. Unfaithful ministers and churches there still will be. Society and governments may yet array themselves in opposition. But Christ Jesus, in the spirit and power of his religion, is now as ever at work—never so much as now—quickening, energizing, refining, ennobling, guiding, consecrating all things. It is life—life that is of God—life that opens fresh realms of truth, that helps to higher and wider duty, that more effectively sustains in trial and sorrow, that lightens the burdens and increases the joys and multiplies the privileges and comforts and hopes of earth, that lifts men to God and brings God down to men. Christ rose once from the sepulchre, but he has been rising ever since, and is rising now, in the better life, in the more exalted aims and affections, in the more active, useful and widespread labors, and in the more and more splendid achievements and conquests of the still swelling numbers of those who believe on his name.

As it has been with his disciples in all the past, so is it thus with ourselves to-day. He mediates to us still the life of God. We feed on *him*. As we study his teachings and history, as we take into our minds his great truths, as we contemplate his character, as we give good heed to his example, as we follow him through his whole eventful career, and drink in the spirit that filled him, and that flows out from him to those who are united to him by faith and love, we feel a new principle of life entering into our souls, and we want at once to be and to do something other and better than we have been and done in the years that are gone. We go back to the days of his childhood and youth, and see how he grew in wisdom and grace, and in favor with God and man, and from all that picture of his early innocence, trust and love, we begin to catch already glimpses and foretastes of the glory that is to be. We stand with him on the Mount of the Beatitudes and at Jacob's well, and hear his memorable discourses, and while many of his words had in some form been spoken by teachers or written by inspired penmen before him, yet, as uttered by him, they are surcharged with a new life, and throb with a mightier meaning, and take hold of our minds and hearts with irresistible power. We accompany him as he visits the seashore, hills, plains and cities, and feeds the hungry, heals the sick, comforts the mourner, and saves the tempted and the lost; and, as we behold how he went about to do good, we find ourselves touched into sympathy with such gracious ministries, and kindled into a holy desire and purpose to imitate his example. The life divine is still deepening within us; and then, as we attend him to the clefts and summits of the mountains where he spends the hours of night in solemn and holy communion with the Infinite Father, and strengthens himself for the labors and conflicts of the day, our own souls are brought into sweet accord with his yearnings and supplications, and we, too, learn more fully how meet and how good it is to hold converse with God. We are with him as he meets the taunts, misunderstandings, outrages and ills of the world,

and all the faith, courage, meekness, patience, tenderness and compassion which he exemplifies only serves to heighten our conception of the true, the good and the beautiful, and make us more and more partakers of what is so heavenly. We linger at the Cross, and read there the one commanding lesson and obligation of self-sacrifice, and see there the full disclosure of all those moral qualities and spiritual perfections which belong to the Godhead, but which shine so radiantly forth in the Son of the Father's love, and, it is there, it is there, that we come most fully to know how to die unto sin and to live unto righteousness. In that presence we understand more clearly the evil of the sin that is in us, feel more profoundly a sense of the gratitude we owe to the Giver of all mercies, and resolve more earnestly that we, too, like Christ, will lose our life that we may find it.

But we do not stop here. The Lenten season is past. We have been with our Lord in all the days of his earthly toil, conflict and suffering. We have watched with him during his agony in the Garden, and have gazed at him in the last great hour as he was lifted up on Calvary that he might die for the world and draw all men to himself by the strong, omnipotent cords of love. Yet, however mournful or pathetic the scene or the story, it has ministered to our life. In every touch of sympathy there has been life—life in every saddened thought, in every penitential sigh, in every felt rebuke, in every solemn prayer. But now we stand at the open sepulchre. Now we look, not down, but up—up to the risen Lord, up to the Heaven which has received him, up to the things which are above and which are eternal. If the history of his mortal career has spoken to us of life, how much more we are reminded of it as we behold him in his glory, exalted to the heavenly places, and free forever from the ills and sorrows to which flesh is heir. There is no hunger or thirst there. No weariness or want. No injustice or violence. No sickness, bereavement, pain, death. There are the satisfactions that are full and everlasting. There is health and there is love.



There the immortal energies are unencumbered, and not a cloud can arise to darken the scene and obstruct the beatific vision. No dreaded change can enter there, no decay, no sin, no suffering, no farewells. There are the children of the resurrection. There with Christ, whom they walked with here, are the pure and consecrated ones who have vanished from our sight, and gone to the reward of the faithful unto death. There they have found at last the promised peace and rest, and know, as they could never know here, the abounding strength and joy of life. Oh! what a *life* is theirs! What unfettered freedom of the powers and faculties! What vaster attainments and what wider service! What purer tastes and holier aspirations! What delight in the more immediate presence of God, and what rapture to have seen the Christ, and to mingle in the blessed society of his redeemed ones! As we contemplate the glory of the ascended Lord, we cannot disconnect him from the splendors that surround him and the multitudes which no man can number who have followed him through the regeneration on earth, and now share with him the triumphs and felicities of the heavenly world. As we direct our minds thither, it is life that we see; it is immortality. And it is as we thus look above and dwell on that immortal life which is there revealed to us, that we feel more powerfully the stirrings of the immortal life within us. That brighter, better world allures us. It teaches us that we were not made to live like the beasts of the field, and like them to die, but rather that we are called, as we were created, to live unto God forever and ever. It sets before us rich and imperishable prizes, and summons us to struggle and aspire to grasp them. While we are in the world, it helps us to live above the world. It encourages us to effort, it quickens us in the way of duty, it sustains us amid defeats and disasters, it consoles us in our griefs and disappointments. Whatever our losses and calamities here, it bids us to be hopeful, and courageous, and serene, for it shall be all well with us there, if only we are faithful.

Ah! what could we do without this hope, this prospect of a glorious immortality? The Christ, who, by his teachings and by his resurrection, brought life and immortality to light, what could we do without *him*? Take him, and all the light and the life which he has introduced into the world, out of the history of the centuries, and calculate, if you may, oh, unbelieving philosopher or skeptical scientist, what would be the loss! Estimate, if you can, what had been the *gain* to mankind, had He never lived and died, and risen. Hush your Easter songs, and silence your Christmas carols—recall your countless throngs of happy children from their sacred temples, and level to the dust the holy sanctuaries of worship, that men may no more gather within their walls and call on the name of the Lord—burn your Bibles, and blot out from the literatures of the world the thoughts and words with which they have been enriched by the Gospel of the Son of God—eliminate from human laws and governments every trace of the influence which it has wrought upon them—abolish the charities, the missions, the schools, the asylums, and all the industrial associations and benevolent institutions over which it presides, and of which it is the main support—root out of unnumbered souls and lives the holy trust, the hallowed affections, the tender and generous sympathies, the nameless refinements and endearments, and all the pure, patient, self-sacrificing spirit and dispositions which it has planted and fostered in individual believers, and in universal society—consign its immortal hymns and anthems to oblivion, banish from your homes its pictured saints and Madonnas, let its blessed sacraments be as if they had never been, let its sanctions no longer be given to your wedded loves, and let its thrilling promises and ineffable consolations be heard no more at the bedsides of your dying, and at the graves of your dead—let there be no living, dying, rising and ascended Christ—and then tell me, you who can or may, how much wiser and better, and more joyful and prosperous we should all have been for the light and strength that

have come to us from the philosophic systems of antiquity, and from the boasted science of the ages, alone. I have nothing to say against science and philosophy. Nor aught against creeds or forms. They all have their part to fulfil in the general education of the race, but they do not, cannot give that *eternal life* which we need. The soul pants after God. In its deep hunger and thirst, it longs to enter into some diviner sanctuary, some holy of holies, where it may find the infinite Father, rise into unseen and everlasting things, escape from the thralldom of sin, feel the power of a spiritual resurrection, and know the rest and the heaven that comes of assured forgiveness and conscious reconciliation. Its cry is for life, and Christ is that life. He speaks to the deepest needs and cravings of the undying soul. His words—they are spirit, and they are life. They are as fresh, vitalizing, and saving now, as they were when first they were uttered so long ago. Systems have grown and perished, creeds have been formed and have vanished, books have been written and have been forgotten; but the conversations, the sermons, the parables, the beatitudes, the prayers, the thoughts of Jesus—these abide, and are yet the bread of Heaven to the famishing souls of men. The gifted and the great of the earth in long succession have, one after another, risen before the world, dazzled and captivated for awhile the multitudes, and then passed off the stage, and sunk into, at least, comparative obscurity and oblivion, their followers and worshippers growing less and less in numbers with the flight of years. The character of Jesus has blazed on through the centuries, with a lustre that has not waned, but waxed, with the progress of time, and like a bright and beautiful star he still leads the generations on to the better day, shedding down light on their pathway, warming them with his kindling beams, and animating them with hope and joy. There was life in all that he was and did, as in all that he thought and said—life, still to awaken, encourage and redeem. His faith begets faith. His love incites to love. His courage increases our own. His patience in

some surer way becomes ours. His righteousness more and more clothes us. Through him we are made partakers of the divine nature. He is our life—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Whether we have regard to him in his humiliation or in his exaltation, as crucified or crowned—he is ever the same, to pour life into our wasting souls, and to lead us up to God and Heaven.

Marvellous fact is this, that while the mighty ones beside, of ages gone, have little or no power to touch or move us by their personality, and cannot come near to us as intimate friends and sufficient helpers, and while the advancing centuries only bear us still further and further away from their effectual sympathy and aid, Christ is here to-day, as strong and quick to bless as he was there in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago. An eminent American writer says that *this sacred image is destined to pale with the progress of time*, the race more and more losing sight of it, interest in it, and love for it. Indeed! So Voltaire predicted that Christianity would never see the nineteenth century. Yet the very room in which the brilliant, skeptical Frenchman wrote his confident prophecy is now a Bible Depository. Intellectual egotism is apt so to generalize from its own particular state of mind as to see in its own doubt, wish or conceit, a sure index of a prevailing or universal tendency. Why, the labors of the plain, unpretending, energetic man in New York, who daily holds his thousands spell-bound at the name of Jesus, might teach our Concord sage better than that. Statistics of the last national census show that to-day a larger relative proportion of the American people are members of Christian Churches than at any former period of our history. Souls are still pressing into the Kingdom, and we know what is the power, what is the personality, that draws them. Jesus is just as near and just as dear as he ever was. Theological systems may undergo important change, the faith of many may grow cold and die, but the great heart of the Christian world will yet love its living, dying, risen Lord. The majestic, gracious figure of the Son of Man and Son of God

will not fade upon the canvas of time. It will grow brighter and brighter as years and ages roll. It will still continue to be the light and life of man.

The important, practical question with us all is, "What is our *life*?" "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Is *that* the life which we have? *Life*—the truth and grace that came and that come through Jesus Christ—the Holy Spirit of God, filling our souls, awakening all our powers and faculties, energizing and quickening us to lofty pursuits and beneficent labors, giving us purity and strength and love and peace, and making us the effectual and increasing means of light and inspiration and joy to the world around us,—is that our life? It is the one sure, un failing, eternal test of our christian discipleship, of our divine sonship. We do not care so much to know what particular Church a man belongs to, what is his special form of worship, what is his badge or shibboleth,—but rather how much of this *life* has he? He is the best Christian who has the most of it. You tell *me* how much you believe and how satisfying is your creed. Very well. And I ask *you* what you are *doing* with your creed? You tell me of your "higher thought" and "advanced views." Possibly you have them, but I demand the proof; for, if they are not sending you out into the world to be more active, useful and devoted missionaries and martyrs in the cause of Righteousness and Philanthropy than those whom you deem less enlightened and more benighted, then your boast is idle and your words are cant. The most superstitious, idolatrous devotees will go into the Kingdom of God before you. I hear one say how he is quickened and helped by a sermon, book, or a friend. Quickened and helped to what, in Heaven's name? For it is not thought, belief, inward satisfaction alone that the Saviour requires. It is not enough to *be*, but we must also *do*. "When thou art converted," Christ said to Peter, "strengthen thy brethren." "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," he says to all. The Lord commands and a suffering world is in need.

"Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once."



Go, and do! Awake, arise! It is the lesson, it is the call of this Easter-Day. Vain is its worship, and heartless its communion, empty are its songs, and meaningless its prayers, and withered its flowers, unless we rouse from our indifference and death, shake off our grave-clothes of selfish ease and sinful habits, and, arrayed in the morning robes of the Resurrection, plunge into life!—the life the Master lived, the life of earnest purpose and arduous service, the life of self-denial and self-sacrifice, the life of saints and confessors, apostles and heroes, whose onward steps have trailed the earth with celestial light, and who have passed on, or now are on their way, to glory everlasting. It is only as we rise with Christ here, that we can rise with him there, where the mortal puts on immortality, and death is swallowed up of life. “When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.” There to see at last his face, to share his joy, to abide in his presence, to mingle with his pure and accepted ones, to rest beneath the smile of God, and still to learn and love, to serve and sing in those brighter spheres—that will indeed be life, that will be Heaven. Many who have walked and worshipped with us, in these earthly scenes, are realizing the delight and the blessedness of that higher resurrection and life, at this very Easter hour. Let our life below be in harmony with their life above, and let each return of this holy, happy day find it more and more sure that we shall all meet again, and that our blended life shall then flow on, full and free, forever and ever. Amen.

After the customary Benediction, at the close of the regular Morning Worship, the Communion Service was held, and was introduced by a chant from the choir, “Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.” Five new members were then received into the Church by the Pastor with the right hand of fellowship and welcome. This was succeeded by the distribution of the bread and wine, and by the accompanying devotions, at the conclusion of which the friends present joined in the 621st hymn of the Collection, “Walk in the Light,” and were dismissed to meet again at the Dedication of the New Chapel in the afternoon.

# SERVICES

AT THE

## DEDICATION OF THE MISSION CHAPEL

OF THE

### Church of the Saviour.

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At 3:30 o'clock P. M., the appointed hour of the Dedictory Services, the New Chapel in Willow Place was crowded with the teachers and pupils of the School, and with the parents of the children and other friends of the Mission from the immediate and more distant parts of the city. The assembled audience, occupying all the settees and chairs, and filling the aisles, the small apartments connected with the main room, and every open space about the platform or near the entrance, was one of marked interest. In front of the desk, and in the centre, were the classes with their instructors, while around them, on all sides, were gathered the still larger number of those who had been drawn by their sympathy with the occasion to participate in the proceedings of the hour. Among these latter were seen many of the members of the Church of the Saviour, who had been generous patrons of the enterprise, or who had been long and honorably identified with the history of the parent Society, or who had, though for a shorter time, actively engaged in its various labors of usefulness. The desk and platform were richly ornamented with vases, baskets and pots of flowers, which were given to the children at the close of the service. The early day had been somewhat cloudy and rainy, but it had cleared before noon, and during the hours devoted to the Dedictory Services the air was balmy and bright with sunshine.

The following is a list of the teachers and officers of the school at the date, April 16, 1876. Attached to their names are the years which show when they became, and how long they have been associated, respectively, with the work of the Mission:

ALFRED T. WHITE, *Superintendent.*

*Teachers.*

Mrs. IDA STOLTERFOHT, . . . . .	since the opening, in 1865.
Miss ANNIE E. ANTHONY, . . . . .	" " "
Miss EMMA C. LOW, . . . . .	" " "
Mr. WILLIAM H. CROMWELL, . . . . .	" " "
Miss FANNIE E. WHITE, . . . . .	since 1866.
Miss CAROLINE L. LOW, . . . . .	" "
Mr. ALFRED T. WHITE, . . . . .	" "
Miss NELLIE H. GREENE, . . . . .	in 1865, and since 1867.
Miss LIZZIE G. ROPES, . . . . .	" "
Miss EVELYN H. LEAVITT, . . . . .	" "
Mr. WM. A. BUTLER, . . . . .	" "
Mr. GEORGE C. BRACKETT, . . . . .	in 1865, and since 1868.
Miss HATTIE ARNOLD, . . . . .	" 1872.
Miss M. A. SHELDON, . . . . .	" 1873.
Miss ISABELLA L. TAYLOR, . . . . .	" "
Miss LAURA H. NICKERSON, . . . . .	" "
Miss ELLA M. SWITZER, . . . . .	since 1874.
Miss KITTY DUVAL, . . . . .	" "
Miss GRACE E. LENNOX, . . . . .	in 1872, and since 1874.
Mr. RICHARD ARNOLD, . . . . .	" "
Mr. JOSEPH LYMAN, . . . . .	1865-68, and since 1875.
Mr. T. P. SALTER, . . . . .	1871-73, and since 1875.
Miss NATHALIE L. VIDAUD, . . . . .	since 1875.
Miss ELLEN C. BEALE, . . . . .	" "
Miss S. A. RUSSELL, . . . . .	1876.
Miss FANNY S. BEALE, . . . . .	1871-74, 1876.

WILLIAM H. CROMWELL, *Treasurer.* RICHARD ARNOLD, *Secretary.*

*Librarians.*

E. A. LOW, JR., NATHANIEL FROTHINGHAM, ROBERT P. VIDAUD.

*Charity Committee.*

Miss M. A. SHELDON,	Miss C. L. LOW,
Miss KITTY DUVAL,	Miss NELLIE H. GREENE,
Mrs. IDA STOLTERFOHT.	

*Sewing School Teachers.*

Miss E. C. BEALE,	Miss ALICE LITTLEJOHN,
Miss EMILY T. GREENE,	Miss CELESTINE C. WOOD,
Miss NELLIE H. GREENE,	Miss FANNY S. BEALE.

## SERVICES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES - - - Read by the Pastor.

There is one God, and there is none other but He : One God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.

God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

Gather the people together, men and women and children, that they may learn and fear the Lord your God.

The Lord is great and greatly to be praised ; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Thus saith the Lord : Ye shall seek Me, and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.

God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His dearly beloved Son into the world that we might live through Him.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

Jesus said : If a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.

The congregation then rose and read with the Pastor the following

### ACT OF DEDICATION:

To the worship and service of God, to the grace and truth of His Son Jesus Christ, and to the spread of his gospel ; to faith, hope and charity ; to peace on earth and good will to men ; to salvation from error and sin, and to growth in the Divine Life, WE DEDICATE this Mission Chapel of the Church of the Saviour.

The Exercises, conducted by the Superintendent, were continued with the singing of the

### DEDICATION HYMN,

(Written for the occasion by Miss Alice B. Cary, a former teacher of the School, and sung to original music, composed by Miss Caroline L. Low.)

Oh! Lord, we come this Easter day,	Our God, we supplicate Thine aid,
With voice of prayer and praise,	Thine all-protecting power ;
To dedicate the shrine to Thee	We seek the leading of Thy hand
Our holy faith would raise ;	To guide us every hour.
A fold to gather wanderers in,	
A goal of heavenly rest,	Oh! let the angel ministries
A refuge from the storms of sin,	Of all our loved and lost,
A home, divinely blest.	Descend to make our Sabbaths here
	A weekly Pentecost.
Without, we leave the weary world,	And thou, dear Christ, thou Blessed One,
With all its want and care ;	Arise anew this day
Within, we seek the life to come,	Within each heart, and be to all
We breathe a holier air.	The life, the truth, the way.

### THE PRAYER OF DEDICATION

Was offered by Rev. F. A. Farley, D. D., and was succeeded by the Easter Carol,

“Rejoice, Our Lord has Risen.”

The School and its friends who were present joined also in Responsive Readings and Prayer taken from the Service Book, after which was sung another Carol,

“Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

### ADDRESS BY THE PASTOR.

This, dear friends, is a profitable and blessed day for us all—one to which we have been looking forward with deep interest ; one, I am sure, to which we shall look back, in years to come, with gratitude and pleasure.

I well remember the time, a little more than ten years ago, when the call was made for those of our church who would like to enter upon some practical service for the good of the poor children in this neighborhood, to meet and consult together with reference to the best method of engaging in the work. I remember what an encouraging response, was given. I well recollect—and so do many

here—how the first beginnings were made, and how a number of restless, unruly children were gathered, at the opening session, in the Wall Street Ferry House to enter upon the study of God's Word, under the care of a few zealous and faithful teachers. That was the beginning—and here you see the result! Not all of the result, however. Good influences have gone abroad where we may not trace their full extent. Some who have labored with us here are in more or less distant parts of the earth. Some have gone to Heaven.

“ The family is scattered yet,  
 Though of one home and heart ;  
 Part militant in earthly gloom,  
 In heavenly glory part.”

But, here, within these walls, we see enough to testify to the success which has thus far crowned our early effort. Here are a hundred and fifty orderly, attentive children, in place of the small and noisy gatherings of the first year. There is an increased band of workers. The interest has constantly deepened throughout the entire decade, and all that we now see before us, is, I am sure, a glorious promise of something nobler that is yet to be.

We thank the teachers, one and all, who have been so earnest and true. I know that they always protest against my saying a word in their praise, but somehow I continue to do it, and it is just because I cannot help it. I know and feel what and where are my comfort and joy, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth must speak. They have been prompt, vigilant and devoted, at every stage of the progress of this enterprise. When, from one cause or another—as will always happen—some have been obliged to give up the work to go to other scenes, or take upon themselves other responsibilities, there have always been enough to step into their places, and now there are plenty more who stand ready to help whenever their assistance is wanted. These teachers have inculcated the plain, simple lessons of the Gospel; they have visited the homes of these children; they have distributed gifts, not only of

food and clothing, but of books, pictures and flowers ; they have taught little hands how to sew, and be useful ; they have made Easter days and Christmas days happy for these children, and have indeed made all the days in the year happier to them than they would otherwise have been ; they have carried practical aid and wholesome cheer into many a destitute and darkened abode that is represented here to-day ; they have superintended the erection of this building, and so planned it, and ordered its arrangements, as to make it commodious and convenient for its intended uses, and the suitable headquarters for a larger work than they have engaged in hitherto. Full praise be given to them all, first and last ! They will surely have their reward ; they are having their reward now. For each one of them could tell you, that never before in all their life, has there been any work or labor of their hearts and hands that has yielded them such satisfaction, such delight as this.

Thanks, also, to the Church of the Saviour. We must not forget the friends of the mother church, which, from year to year, as the calls have been made upon it, has poured out its money so freely, and which, when finally the earnest application came for funds with which to build this Mission Chapel, gave of its abundance more freely than ever ! The confidence of our friends has been unwavering throughout, from beginning to end. They have not faltered or failed in their support. They have never doubted that this was a genuine christian service. They have steadily kept their eye upon what was here going on, and they have more and more felt that there could be no nobler service rendered than that of thus blessing little children with the light of life for the soul, and with the needed supplies for physical wants, as well. Thanks, then, we say, to the Church of the Saviour, for its generosity, for its steadfast sympathy and loyalty, for its deep and loving faith in the principles and doctrines of our blessed religion, as these have had their latest manifestations and fruit in what we see before and around us at this Easter hour !

Thanks to the children, too. The boys and girls, who have attended this school all through these ten years, are entitled to our gratitude for their interest, for the steady improvement which they have made, for the joy they have received and given, both. It has, indeed, been a mutual blessing. The teachers have not only done *you* good, but you have done *them* good. We have all been profited together. We have been made better and happier because we have known *you*, seen your faces, and mingled and toiled with you in these pleasant scenes and sacred pursuits; and ties, I very well know, have been formed here between teachers and pupils, ties of friendship, too, between those who have so diligently and so unselfishly planned and wrought together for your good, which will outlast time and death itself. So you see what you have done for others. And now the church has built this chapel for you, children. This is *your* church, this is your religious home, your place of worship. Here you will come to study the Scriptures. Here you will come to grow in grace and in knowledge. Here you will come to learn of the blessed Saviour, to try to imitate his example, and strive to follow in his footsteps. And, in all that quick-coming future when you shall have passed out into other scenes than these, when years and years have fled, you will look back to this place, to this very spot, and you will think of these helpers who surround you now, and who have sought to do you good; and you will often have occasion, I doubt not, to bless the Heavenly Father, that you were permitted so often to assemble here and look into their friendly and loving faces, and to hear from their lips the truths, precepts and lessons that are able to make you wise unto salvation.

We thank the teachers, we thank the Church, we thank the children; indeed, we thank everybody. We are filled with gratitude and joy to-day, and are quite inclined to see a friend in every one whom we meet.

But, above all, we thank God. If ever God was in



any enterprise, or movement, He has been in *this*. He has prospered it from the very start, and has watched over it continually, and smiled upon all the efforts which Superintendents and associates have here made in aid of their brothers and sisters, ever encouraging them amidst their many difficulties, animating them with faith, and hope, and joy, and at last gladdening their hearts with this Easter gift of our new chapel. To Him be the praise.

And now, what lies before us but to consecrate it to His glory by still more arduous work than we have ever hitherto wrought? We are going to make this, children, the centre for more practical, efficient, earnest labors than we yet have known. Here we shall have the Mission School. Here your parents and friends can come to worship on Sundays, or week-day evenings. Here will be the Sewing School, and garments will be given out to be made. Here may be courses of lectures on the useful arts and sciences, on the Bible, and history; on the lives and characters of great and good men and women, and whatever else will help the people around us to a higher and a better success in life.

And not a little depends upon you, children. We shall want you to get as many of your friends and mates into this Mission Church as possible. Let me illustrate by a simple story, and I am done.

I have read of a good housekeeper who had a pot of honey, but there were so many little ants in the house that they threatened to eat it all up. They got into that pot so thickly that she thought the honey was likely to disappear, and so she resolved upon a plan to preserve it. And what did she do, do you suppose? She tied a rope to it, first brushing away from it all the ants that had collected around it, and then hung it from the ceiling, just as that lamp is hung there above you. "There," she said to herself, "these thousands of little creatures will never get at the honey there. Now it is safe." But, unfortunately, there was one little ant left on that pot of honey!

Well, you know that, as the Bible tells us, the ants

"are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise;" they "are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." In other words, they "look out for Number One," as we all very well know. The brain of an ant is the smallest thing possible, only as large as the point of a pin, and yet the ant is a very bright and sagacious little animal. Well, that one little ant left on the pot went down inside where the honey was and ate all it wanted, and then, having found out how good it was, it wished to tell all the other ants, and so it made its way up the rope, and across the ceiling, and down the wall, and over the floor, taking a 'bee-line' for the place where the greatest number of ants were gathered. When these latter heard the story, they formed in procession and began their march, wending their way over the floor, and up the wall, and across the ceiling, and down the rope, and into the pot of honey. And then they had *their* fill. And, by the time they were ready to come back, it had got noised abroad to all the other ants in the house, into every room, and every crack and every place that could be seen and every place that couldn't, and then the rest began to form in procession, and they also started forth in numerous lines and seemed to know perfectly well just where to go and what to do. And it happened that just as one procession would be going *up* the rope all full, another procession would be moving *down* the rope, all empty ! And so the work went on until all the ants were abundantly fed and all the honey was gone. When, at last, the good housekeeper came to take down her sweet and treasured store, lo, and behold ! there was none of it left ! It had all disappeared.

Now, I believe these ants had never read the Ten Commandments. They had never learned in a Mission School, or anywhere else, the solemn words : "Thou shalt not steal." Of course, they were not guilty of theft, because they knew not what stealing meant. One thing is sure, however, they had a certain genuine missionary spirit within them, the spirit that made them eager to ensure to

others of their kind the same pleasure and good which they had realized themselves. And these little ants can teach *us* a lesson in that respect, as in regard to many other things, dear children. And the lesson is this.

Just as they, when they had discovered the honey, and found it so sweet and satisfactory, went abroad and told all their friends what a blessing was in store for them if they would only follow their lead, so you, and I, and all of us, can go forth every day in this neighborhood, to the young and old, and tell them that if they will only come with us they shall find here, as I am sure they will, much better honey than ever that luckless housekeeper boasted.

For, just see what the dear old Book says about it. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb."

Go, then, and spread the glad news. Bid all the hungry ones to come and buy without money and without price. Be here the helpers of each other's joy in the spirit and power of the Lord Christ, and so make this temple, to those who shall in long succession study and worship within its walls, none other than the very house of God, and gate of Heaven.

After Mr. Putnam had concluded his remarks, the teachers, pupils, and others sang the Carol,

"Let us Work for the School with our Hearts and our Hands."

This was followed with the reading by the Superintendent, Mr. A. T. White, of the History of the Mission School,

## MR. WHITE'S HISTORY OF THE MISSION.

In November, 1865, the first impulse was given to the life of this Mission School, for whose better service we have to-day dedicated this chapel. Dr. Putnam called a meeting of the then teachers in the Church Sunday School, to consult as to the possibility of establishing a Mission School. The proposition was well received; a committee was appointed; the room in the Wall Street Ferry House secured, and on December 17th, 1865, the first session of the *Mission School* was held. Of the teachers who assisted at the foundation of the School, four have remained steadily in the Board, and all, we believe, are living still. Mr. Jefferson Williams was superintendent the first season, but moved from the city the following Summer. A *Christmas Festival* was held that year, and one has been held yearly since.

The first year's work was not over-satisfactory nor encouraging, but eight teachers were ready for service in the Autumn of 1866, and on the 14th October, school was re-opened. Two weeks later, Mr. Edward T. Fisher was chosen superintendent, and continued to act as such, to the satisfaction of all, till his resignation, 27th March, 1869.

The second year of the School developed energies in many directions. In December, 1866, the *Library* was established.

In March, 1867, an *Evening School* for the benefit of the older boys was started, being held once each week in the church vestry. Though it promised well at the start, this was not a sufficient success to warrant the continued expenditure of time and labor it demanded, and the Evening School had a short life. On the 7th April, 1867, the *Charity Committee* was organized; this has now become the working committee of the school.

On the 1st June, an *Employment Committee* was appointed, which for some years did excellent service for the older girls in the school. When most of the girls had obtained situations, and the demands for places became more

rare, the work of this committee was transferred to the Charity Committee.

On the 8th June, 1867, the first *pic-nic* was held. A rainy day compelled the excursionists to keep under shelter, but failed to dampen the enthusiasm of that long to be remembered occasion, predecessor of a series of bright and beautiful red-letter days, which have made glad every succeeding June.

The next Autumn, a fresh burst of energy led to the renting, October 20th, 1867, of the basement of 85 Pacific Street, and on the 24th the first session of the *Sewing School* was held in that place. The main purposes for which the rooms of 85 Pacific Street were to be used, were set forth in a card distributed broadcast through the district.

[CARD.]

THE CHILDREN'S HOME, 85 PACIFIC STREET, BROOKLYN.

*Established by the Mission of the Church of the Saviour.*

A Home where those mothers who go out to work may leave their young Children during the day. A competent Matron is in charge, whose whole time is devoted to the care of the Children.

DINNER FOR THE CHILDREN FREE.

For further information, apply on week days, at noon, in the basement of 85 Pacific Street, or on Sundays, at 3½ o'clock, P. M., at the Mission School, over the Wall Street Ferry House.

SITUATIONS PROCURED FOR GOOD RELIABLE GIRLS.

Also, at No. 85 Pacific Street, a *Free Sewing School for Girls*, under the care of the Ladies of the Church, on Wednesdays, 10½-12, M., and Saturdays, 2-4, P. M.

The Children's Home was given up in April, 1869, when the rooms at 85 Pacific Street were relinquished on account of their many discomforts. During the time these rooms were rented, a *Day School* was organized by the ladies, for the benefit of the children who could not attend the public schools regularly.

In November, 1867, the teachers visited all the families in the district north of Atlantic Street, whether their chil-

dren attended the Mission School or not. Many children were thus brought into the school.

Being much troubled that year to find suitable lessons for the children to learn, the teachers began, in January, 1868, the composition of a series of *Lessons* which served them for a year and a half, and have lately been used again successfully.

In February, 1868, "*The Good Will Club*" began its life at 85 Pacific Street. The older boys met four evenings each week, some of the gentlemen teachers being present, and were amused and instructed, but after a month's trial the teachers concluded that this movement met too small a want, and on the 1st June, 1868, opened a *Reading Room* free to all. It attracted few at first, though it offered, in a very small way, however, many of the attractions which the Union for Christian Work now presents; but in its fifth week of existence, it was so extensively patronized that the neighbors combined against it as an annoyance to them, and it died from over success. During this year the Mission School room was enlarged to nearly double its first size.

April 19th, 1868, the first joint Easter Service of the two Sunday Schools was held in the church. The festival has been celebrated in the same way every year since until this, with the exception of 1871, when the Mission School held its Easter Services in the Ferry House.

In December, 1869, 85 Pacific Street was given up, and the cottage, then No. 19 Furman Street, was hired for the use of the Sewing School and Charity Committee. The trials at 85 Pacific Street were small compared with those met here, and here, if ever, patience had her perfect work.

In June, 1870, the pic-nic excursion, till then confined to Prospect Park Pic-nic Grounds, was made complete by the addition of a trip to Coney Island, a success repeated annually since.

In January, 1871, the Sewing School was transferred to the Sunday School Chapel; and in the Fall of 1872, the Charity Committee moved to the school room, and the cottage was given up.

Early in 1872, the Ferry Company made extensive alterations in the Wall Street Ferry House, and in the process, removed the not over-convenient, but time-honored, movable staircase, which used to be lowered every Sunday, to afford access to the school room. The school moved temporarily to the Sunday School Chapel, but this caused an unsettled feeling among the scholars, and the numbers declined. Meanwhile, the carpenters finished their work at the Ferry House, but provided no access to the school room, which still contained the library, organ, and other furniture. Through the kindness of Mr. Pierrepont, the present convenient stairway was constructed, and the use of the room given again to the school. Our thanks are due to the Union Ferry Company for their kindness in allowing us the use of that room for over ten years.

Since its beginning ninety-seven persons have had classes in the Mission School. Only three of these, so far as we know, have gone to their final rest. Mrs. Andree died June 26th, 1872; Mrs. Norton Oct. 1st, 1873; and Miss Tatham the 2d of last month. Faithful to their duties so long as strength remained to them, their memory will always live to inspire those who were so fortunate as to know them and work with them.

The average regular attendance of scholars, which was below 50 in the first years, was 103 the past year. Many who were regular while living in this city, have moved into the country and found better fortunes. One, the only remaining one of three sisters, former scholars, lately sent from England a gift of money to the school, and wrote, when the objection was raised that she needed it as much as the school did :

“Please, do not think of sending the money back, for mamma has always wished to send some little books to the little children, and papa gave us each a half sovereign on our birth-day, and you know how pleased little Amy and Annie would be to know it was spent that way, for we was all so glad for mamma to read the books we used to

have of Sunday nights, and I am sure I can spare mine for papa gives me a penny a day, and had he known you were coming he would of like to sent something himself.  
 \* \* \* \* \* I hope some day to come and see all my kind friends. I remain your greatful little schoalor,  
 A."

Apart from the building fund, the church has contributed directly in the last ten years \$7,579.47 for the support of this Mission, and the disbursements have been \$7,245.18. The indirect contributions, clothing from the Samaritan Society, &c., have been to the value of about \$1,000.

The Building Fund was started in 1867; the first money devoted to it was the contribution of the scholars of the Mission School, November, 17th, 1867, amounting to 18 cents. By January 1st, 1868, it amounted to \$2.92, and a year later to \$55, this including contributions of scholars, teachers and others. An entertainment then added \$342.80, and by January 1st, 1870, it stood at \$636.51. A second entertainment added \$700, and the 1st January, 1871, brought the fund to \$1,460.64. A third entertainment added \$1,000 more, and January 1st, 1872, the account had grown to \$2,678.25. Accruing interest and more small contributions carried it in successive years to \$2,901.47, \$3,195.92, \$3,464.74. In April, 1875, \$187.20 was added by the Samaritan Society, and in October, 1875, \$3,855.74 was turned over to the Treasurer of the Building Fund from this account, and thus the 18 cents from the scholars became the corner stone on which the Building Fund grew.

The will of our good friend, Mr. Leopold von Bierwirth, who died October 29th, 1874, bequeathed \$1,000, toward a Mission School Building, in case one should be begun within three years from his death. This and other encouragement led the teachers to consider the matter seriously at a meeting, March 23d, 1875. A committee was appointed, who found this plot of land for sale. All the teachers took part in deciding what combination of rooms

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would best meet the varied requirements of our work, and Mr. H. C. Anthony, then in the office of Mr. Sturgis, architect of the building, suggested, and made the plans for the present convenient wing arrangement. A rough estimate placed the cost at \$15,000, besides the land. It was considered that the Teachers' and Scholars' Fund could be increased to pay for such part of the plot as was needed, and it was decided to recommend to the church the erection of this building and to invite subscriptions for that purpose. The paper was started about the end of May, and in a few days received such generous subscriptions that success became sure. The subscriptions now aggregate \$18,805, besides Mr. Bierwirth's bequest and the Teachers' and Scholars' Fund, a total of \$23,690.74, and some interest to be added.

It was at first intended to keep for the chapel only the front lots it occupies and to sell the rear and side lots ; but the subscriptions have allowed us to retain the plot fifty-one feet wide and running through to Columbia Street, at a cost of \$5,000. The plan of the building was also slightly enlarged and additional conveniences introduced. The entire fund will not be used in completing the building and enclosing the lot ; a surplus of probably \$1,000 will remain, which will be funded anew, and this will, we hope, in time grow to an amount whose interest will pay the annual charges of insurance, repairs, water tax, gas, &c. ; so that the annual contributions of the church may go straight into the helpful channels of the Mission work.

Earth was broken for the building about September 6th, 1875, and the first stone was laid September 23th. Masons, carpenters and painters were all at work here till yesterday, and there is still a little touching up to do down stairs and outside ; but practically to-day the finished building opens its doors ; and it promises to satisfy all demands. It is the unencumbered property of the "Church of the Saviour." It is convenient of access to the scholars, teachers and friends. It furnishes attractive Sunday School rooms large enough to allow the school to

more than double its present numbers ; and it is reasonable to hope it will do so. The rooms down stairs will not only contribute to the yet more efficient working of the Sunday School and Charity Committee, but will allow the renewal with success of the early efforts to enlarge the work of the Mission. The Free Reading Room and Evening School and the Children's Home were good efforts in a right direction, and within the true sphere of Mission work. Other societies have since successfully carried out the same ideas. A better location and better accomodation than are afforded here cannot be had in this part of the city.

Let us all, friends, teachers and children, unite to give energy, money and time to make this Mission Chapel do its maximum of good work. Within a year, the work should be so developed and broadened and deepened that every day of the week from Sunday to Saturday shall see its doors open for some good and useful work. In addition to what we have been doing, we should at least have a Kindergarten for little children during the day, a Free Reading Room open every evening, and an occasional evening lecture or service.

"A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel." It is to-day the privilege of our church to dedicate the first Mission Chapel of our faith in this State. Let us dedicate it not in triumph, but in humility and prayer, and with a solemn sense of the duties and responsibilities this added trust imposes on us all, teachers, scholars and friends of the church. As our faith so deeply recognizes the Fatherhood of God, with all it includes of infinite love and goodness, the Leadership of Christ and the Brotherhood of man, let us here carry that faith into living works ; let us labor that *this* light may so shine that men shall glorify—not our school, nor our church,—but the Father which is in heaven.

Mr. White then continued with the following remarks :

And now a word to the children : There was once a

king who had great dominions. On the border of his lands was a city of which the people were his faithful, loyal subjects. The city had no defences, no fortifications, but the people were very earnest and vigilant; they kept watchmen around their city day and night, and so, though they were right on the borders, and exposed to many hardships and trials, the enemy could never gain possession of the city—it always remained faithful and true to its king.

The king saw that these people were very good and faithful subjects, and he said: "I will build these people a castle in order that they may still better protect my borders, still better fight my battles, and aid others in the neighboring country who would like to become my subjects." So he built them a grand, strong, beautiful castle; and the people went into it, and took possession of it—just as we take possession of this chapel here, to-day. They had not been in the castle very long, however, when they found it so very strong, the walls so high and well protected on every side, that they said to themselves:—"We do not need to watch all the time any more; here we are safe from our enemies;" and they discharged all their watchmen, laid away all their arms, did no more fighting, and soon grew very careless and very weak. Finally, one night, the enemy came and found the gates wide open, entered and took possession of the castle, subdued the city, and all the people became slaves.

Now,\* children: *we* are the subjects of a king—of a great and good king, our Father in Heaven, whom it is happiness to serve. We, too, have a castle given to us, this beautiful chapel, which we take possession of to-day, given to us that we may better fight the enemies within us and without, the many temptations which beset all of us every day, and that we may better help and strengthen others; but let us beware that we trust not to our *castle* to do the work that is set for *us* to do. All the more because we have had this chapel given us in trust, must we work and strive and pray, more and better than ever, children,

you and I, that we may be true and faithful subjects of our King, and help others to become such too; so that we all, and all whom we know, may feel, and live worthy of, the goodness of God. If we do not, it is better this chapel had never been built.

Trust not in the castle ; trust not in the chapel ; trust not in yourselves, children. Put your trust in the Lord and in the power of His might. If you would be true christian soldiers, if you would march onward and forward always, you must put on that same armor which Paul told the children, and grown people too, to put on, eighteen hundred years ago. Gird yourselves about with Truth ; then everybody will believe you. Put on the breast-plate of Righteousness, and take the shield of Faith ; then no one can harm you. Then, take "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." So, success will be sure. Thus armed, you can subdue kingdoms. Then, the work that is begun in this chapel to-day will be blessed indeed.

Mr. White's Report and remarks were succeeded by the Carol,

"Hail ! the Bright and Radiant Morn,"

and then the Superintendent called upon A. A. Low, Esq., to address the audience.

#### MR. LOW'S ADDRESS.

I appreciate the courtesy of the Superintendent which has prompted him to ask me to say a few words on this interesting occasion ; and yet, after I think of the very pleasant manner in which our pastor recited our many causes for thanksgiving, I can but think how very thankful these young people will be when *we* get through speaking to them. I hope that they will be very attentive when I am attempting to speak, because I find it very hard to say anything in the presence of such little people, and that they will be very still, so as not to disconcert me. Perhaps I should not have been inclined to say a word after what has been so well said, if I had not been told how it sometimes happens that, different persons having different minds,

some are more successfully reached by one speaker and some by another, some by the more eloquent and some by the more simple and less gifted. Moreover, being highly pleased by what our eyes are permitted to see, I desire to express my gratitude for this completed work, and the obligations we are under to those who have brought it to perfection. It calls to my mind what was said to us this morning by our pastor about living a Christian life, and the vitalizing influence a Christian life imparts, impelling men, and churches as well, to go out of themselves and beyond themselves to do a good work. It reminds me of that passage in the Bible where Christ in speaking to the woman of Samaria, said he would "give her of the living water."

These little ones I see here—if not these, certainly some of larger growth—will understand the difference between "still" and "moving" waters. They will understand how the "still" water stagnates and becomes malarious; and how the living and moving water preserves life, and sets in motion thousands of wheels, driving the vast machinery which is made to contribute to the uses and comfort of man; how, by the mighty agency of a running stream, the necessities of life are multiplied and enlarged! The power of the spirit or of that "living water"—of which the Saviour spoke—bears a striking analogy to that of the flowing stream by contrast with the still water. It is not stagnant—it is a moving, vitalizing power which goes out and benefits the world around, seeking to accomplish something for the good of mankind. Little can be said of the good condition of any church in this city, or of any in the land, that is content with having the Gospel preached, and doing nothing towards promulgating its blessed truths and extending its influence to others. If the church is animated by a living spirit, its influence will be projected into the world, to set in motion other enterprises for the welfare of man, and its own life will be strengthened and perpetuated in due proportion to what it does in this direction. As with the church, so also with the individual.

I am glad that our Society has again been nerved to do something more than merely enough to sustain its own separate existence, and that we can look upon this completed edifice, and know that its cost was first counted, and then fully met. Let the credit be given where it is due, first to the Christian exhortations of our excellent pastor, acting upon the hearts of his hearers, and then to the young and ardent disciples to whom he has imparted the "living waters" of a Christian faith. The seed he has sown has fallen on good ground. The zeal of some has, in time, acted upon others, and the fidelity which has been manifested by all engaged in this Missionary enterprise has wrought upon those whose duty and whose privilege it has been to contribute the needed pecuniary aid. The history of this enterprise has already been recited; but it is proper to say that the readiness of our people to respond to the calls made on them for money is accounted for by the confidence these laborers in the Master's Vineyard have inspired from the start. When money was asked, it was given cheerfully and without stint; and we now behold a finished work without the incumbrance of any debt. The Society had faith in the *workers*, and they had faith in the *work*.

There was left at my house to-day a letter from Bishop Littlejohn, describing the consecration of a church in Rome, erected under the auspices of the Episcopal body in this country. Seven years since a movement was initiated among Episcopalians abroad and at home for the establishment of a branch of their church in the Imperial City, which is so much the Winter resort of Americans. After not a little solicitation the requisite means was obtained to commence the structure, and much credit is due to the Rev. Mr. Nevin, the appointed Rector, for his persistent efforts to acquire the necessary amount to consummate the undertaking, and it is now finished at a cost of \$100,000, one of our own citizens contributing \$2,000 for a chime of bells. The Chapel was consecrated on the 25th of March, by the Bishop of Long Island, with

interesting and impressive ceremonies. But beautiful as an American Church in the city of ancient or modern Rome must appear to American eyes, I can but feel more sympathy with our own modest Chapel here, for which there is such abundant need in our immediate neighborhood, where the poor children of Brooklyn may come and drink of the living waters.

The work that has been prosecuted for ten years in the hall over yonder ferry-house, will go on here with renewed zeal ; and I pray that all who have been wont to welcome these children to their offices of love and mercy, may continue to find within these walls an abundant reward for all their labors ; for they are embarked in a work that never ends.

Mr. White then called upon Ripley Ropes, Esq., to make some remarks, and elicited the following response :

#### MR. ROPES' ADDRESS.

I doubt, my friends, if I can say a single profitable word to you in addition to what has been already said since the commencement of these exercises.

Mr. White has exhausted the matter of history in his very excellent report, and certainly, our pastor and Mr. Low have exhausted every other resource of interest to you. I don't see that there is anything left for me. You have been here nearly an hour and a half, and I think you may be weary and would like to go.

I might, perhaps, say a word with profit of the dear ones who have passed away, both teachers and scholars, and who have now met above in the presence of Him they served so well here. I might say a word concerning the origin of this Mission School, which was not born of the tempest or the earthquake, not in sensationalism or that excitement which comes with crowds, but rather from that still small voice which, to those who listen, is ever speaking, inciting to holy endeavor, strengthened by faith ; that

swift and sure guide which always leads those who follow it to constant victories.

But I *will* say a word to these children, particularly the boys. I don't know that I can add anything to what has already been said, and so well said. You have been told that the success of the school depends upon you, and it is even so. But further than that, *your own success depends upon it*, for here begins your early life, and that life shall be as you make it. Here you are taught: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" so, if you heed well the wise instructions that are given you here, little by little you will gain that sure knowledge of the way of life which will cause you to walk safely and successfully.

I know two boys—Mission School scholars—who went from here to a distant city. They had with them that which was better than money, the best capital they could have—they *were honest*; they had been well brought up; they were good boys; they had been in charge of good teachers, such as you are in charge of here, teachers who care for you, who love you, who will work for you continually when they are here with you, and who, when they are away from you, think of you, and want to see you do well in the world. Well, one of these two boys found a place in a dry goods store, and the other found a place in a book store. After the boy had been in the dry goods store a week or two, there came there a lady to buy a fine silk dress. She was talking with the boy's employer. And the boy's employer told the lady that the material she desired to buy, cost more than it *did cost*, *told a falsehood*. Well, the boy was standing by, and the employer turned to the boy, and asked him "if it wasn't so." The boy looked up and said, "do you wish me to tell the truth?" He knew that telling the truth would hurt his employer. His employer looked at the boy, and gave him a sort of a wink, (just look in the Bible, between now and next Sunday, boys, in Proverbs, and see what it says there about "people that wink with the eye,") the employer looked toward him and winked, as much as to



say: "You are to say yes." *But the boy told the truth.* He said it did *not* cost as much as his employer said it did! The latter was very angry with the youth, and, turning to him, said: "The truth is well enough in a country store, but a city store is another thing."

Now, boys, don't *you* subscribe to that doctrine. Wherever you are, *speaking the truth*, city or country, at home or in the streets, *speaking the truth always*, never equivocate, not in the slightest degree.

"I will give you," continued the angry employer, "twenty-four hours to decide whether you will conform to the rules of this store, or leave." What did the boy do? He sought out the other boy who went out there with him, and he told him the story and wanted his advice. "Well," said the other boy, "you ask me what you shall do. You know what *I* would do. *No compromise with conscience*," said he, "never, never! No compromise with conscience. *Tell the truth.*" He went back to the man and said: "I have resolved to speak the truth always." "Then leave!" said the employer, and he left. But he found plenty of others ready to take him.

And those two boys to-day, to my knowledge, stand well up in the scale of life, realizing the truth of that passage of Scripture which tells you, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Not that you are to seek the kingdom as a means of reward only, but simply this, children: There are eternal laws underlying our being, which go into all the relations of life. God has made them for our government. They begin with our life and they go with us to its close. If we run counter to them they will fall on us and crush us, and make our life a wreck; but if we conform to them, and strive to live lives of usefulness and integrity, we win the smile of God. He is always with us to strengthen and encourage us in every good word and work.

Remember, boys: The same path is open to *you*. Indeed, the same end is before you, if you resolve it shall

be so. You are to walk in the way of life, to grow up and to accept the responsibilities of life. They will come to you. You can not avoid them. Be true to conscience. Listen to the voice of God in the soul. Follow the Saviour. Then you shall be guided into ways of pleasantness and into paths of peace.

At the close of Mr. Ropes' address the audience joined in singing the following

#### SONG OF THE RESURRECTION.

(Written for the occasion by A. P. PUTNAM.)

The Lord, to-day, the ages say,	Our Saviour dear, from sin and fear
Rose from the grave in glory :	We mount to share thy heaven ;
In glad acclaim we sing his name,	Our spirits free, our life with thee,
And still repeat the story.	Shall be the incense given.
New temples rise to greet his eyes,	Bird, tree, and flower, the spring time's
As Easter suns roll o'er us;	dower,
While anthems blend, and loud ascend,	Now wake in joyous beauty ;
In ever swelling chorus.	With truer fire our souls aspire,
	To light and love and duty.
This humble shrine, O God, be thine,	
With lifted prayer and praises ;	Oh, when no more we here shall soar
But still more sweet, the kindness	In service and affection,
meet,	In higher fanes, with purer strains,
Of hearts thy Christ upraises.	We'll chant the Resurrection.

The Pastor next read various extracts from hearty, congratulatory letters which had been received from Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association; Wm. H. Baldwin, Esq., President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union; Rev. William G. Eliot, D. D., of St. Louis; Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., of Cambridge; Rev. R. P. Stebbins, D. D., of Ithaca, N. Y.; Rev. F. W. Holland, of Newburgh, and others; and then continued the services of the occasion with the following

#### SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.

Walk worthy of the Lord, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.

Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

In this the children of God are manifest: whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Be perfect; be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

The congregation then repeated with the Pastor the Lord's Prayer, after which all united in singing the usual closing hymn of the school:

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

#### BENEDICTION BY THE PASTOR.

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Rev. F. W. Holland's letter, above referred to, is of special interest from the circumstance that for several years he was the able, zealous and faithful minister of the First Society in the early history of the Liberal Faith in this city, his ordination as Pastor having taken place April 11, 1838. A brief account of his labors here is given in Rev. A. P. Putnam's commemorative discourse, entitled, "Unitarianism in Brooklyn," delivered April 25th, 1869, on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Consecration of the Church of the Saviour. Mr. Holland writes:

NEWBURGH, April 14, 1876.

MY DEAR PUTNAM:

Your invitation is very tantalizing, but I must deny myself the exquisite pleasure of seeing how the good cause prospers in your hands. Those were grand times in the first Sunday School, owing to the intelligent fidelity of some of the best teachers who were ever gathered under the Sunday

School flag. \* You cannot tell how much I rejoice at the steady, constant progress of Christian philanthropy in a community for which I shall ever feel a personal interest, where I have enjoyed religious communion with so many devoted disciples, where, too, I am sure our generous faith has borne much blessed fruit. \* \* \* \* \*

Yours in all sympathy,  
F. W. HOLLAND.

Of the various friendly notices which have appeared in the daily papers of the city, in relation to the Mission Chapel enterprise, or to the Dedictory Services of Easter Sunday, we give place to the following from the *Brooklyn Union* of May 2d, as presenting a few leading points in the history of the Church of the Saviour, and as containing a good description of the new edifice.

"Amid the pressure of our Easter notes, there were not a few instances where less than due attention was permitted by our space to several interesting and notable features of religious growth and progress in this community. Among these was the New Mission Chapel of the Church of the Saviour, Rev. Dr. Putnam's. The early notes of Brooklyn show that Unitarian preaching began in this city in 1833, resulting in the organization in 1842 of the first church gathering under the present name, their present house of worship on Pierrepont street having been built in 1844. For the last twelve years, since the resignation of Rev. Dr. F. A. Farley, the church has enjoyed the ministrations and fruits of the cultured piety of the present pastor. The new chapel is the third this church has built within the past ten years. The first was the beautiful little structure adjoining its church edifice for its Sunday School. The second was for the Third Unitarian Society, its out-growth on Classon avenue. The new chapel is for the occupancy of the Mission School on Willow Place, of which the efficient Superintendent is Mr. Alfred T. White.

The Willow Place Mission was organized some years ago, and has since met from Sunday to Sunday in the upper rooms of the Wall Street Ferry-house. The church, in view of its continued growth and increasing demands, provided the means for erecting a suitable edifice. Ground was broken last autumn, and the building was completed at Easter, and as our reports of the day told, it was dedicated on Easter Sunday. The whole cost of erection was about \$20,000, and this was entirely paid before the building was consecrated. It certainly deserves a more minute description, this very commodious, tasteful and convenient structure, intended, as the Easter addresses foreshadowed, as the headquarters for much practical work for the community amidst which it stands.

The chapel is located on Willow Place, on a lot 50 feet in width and 150 feet in depth, running through to Columbia street.

The building consists of a main structure, 65x34, with a wing on south side 35x13½. Inside, the first floor raised a few feet above the ground level,

is given up to the Sunday School room in the main structure, while the wing contains the infant class-room and library. A stair-case leads in the wing from the main floor to the basement floor, which, thanks to the slope of the earth, is above the ground level in the rear. The front third of the basement floor is used as a cellar. In the rear is a room 38x31, for week-day use for sewing-school, reading-room, etc. Adjoining this in the wing are the Charity Committee room and a wash-room, all being easily accessible through basement entrances.

The building is 40 feet high in front and 50 feet in the rear above the ground level. It is built of brick, with slated clerestory and roof. The front and south side are of Croton face brick, with trimmings of blue and Ohio stone. Five steps lead up through a neat stone and brick porch to the main door. Above the porch a stone window, in simple Gothic style, ornaments the front. Inside a pleasant effect is given by the roof trusses, which are exposed to view.

The chapel is abundantly and cheerfully lighted by colored glass in the front, side, and clerestory windows. The interior is finished in ash and walnut wainscot and trimmings below. Above, the clerestory, roofs and rafters are painted in light and simple colors. Two reflectors suspended near the roof furnish gaslight for evening use.

The chapel is furnished with reversible settees arranged with three aisles.

The library, Charity Committee room, and reading-room are furnished with cases and cupboards sufficient for all needs. Water can be drawn in five places in the building, and the arrangements for heating and ventilation are complete. The following names are associated with the work: Architect, Russell Sturgis, of New York; contractor for mason's work, C. Cameron; contractors for carpenter's work, S. & W. C. Booth.

Building committee, Joseph Lyman, Treasurer; George C. Brackett, Richard Arnold, W. A. Butler, A. T. White,

Every such addition to the structures of Brooklyn is a pledge and proof of the practical effectiveness and value of church life among us, through our mission schools, extending the best influences of the sanctuary to the homes of all classes, and therewith the practical and helpful aid of the benevolence which works widely through these mission schools.

## THE VESPER SERVICE.

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The Vesper Service was held, as usual, in the Church, at 7½ o'clock. The edifice was crowded with worshippers, notwithstanding the heavy rain that had come on at a somewhat earlier hour and that continued later into the evening. The Pastor was again assisted by Rev. Dr. Farley, who conducted the Devotional and Scriptural Exercises. The Order, as given below, is slightly changed and enlarged, as compared with that which is customarily observed, and which has now been in use with the congregation for many years.

### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Organ Voluntary, . . . . . Haydn
2. Introductory Reading—" *Gloria Patri*," . . . . . Mozart
3. Anthem—" *Christ our Passover*," . . . . . Chapple
4. Prayer.
5. Solo, by Mrs. Crane—" *With Verdure Clad*," . . . . . Haydn
6. Responsive Reading from Psalms—Doxology . . . . . Tallis
7. Solo, by Miss Hubbell—" *Let the bright seraphim*," . . . . . Handel
8. Reading from Old Testament.
9. Te Deum, . . . . . Mercadante
10. Reading from New Testament.
11. Gloria in Excelsis, . . . . . Concone
12. Address, by the Pastor.
13. Silent Prayer.
14. Chanted Prayer.
15. Hymn.
16. Benediction.

### THE VESPER ADDRESS.

The services of the day are drawing to a close. The morning, with its Sunday School celebration, its more general public worship, and its observance of the baptismal and communion rites, has gone. The dedicatory

exercises and ceremonies at the Mission Chapel, in the afternoon, are past. Our vesper songs and prayers are well nigh ended. Another Easter will soon be numbered with those that were, but are not. The hours have indeed been winged with gladness, and something more of joy and praise there must be for us to take with us into the future than we knew before the day began. Yet now as we approach the moment when the final offerings shall be made, and while the sands of the sacred anniversary are swiftly running out, I am sure we must all feel how tender, how solemn too, is the time. In the very nature of things, this must be the last Easter Sunday with many who are here. Possibly with some it is the last service in which they will be permitted to engage in the worship of God in these earthly courts. Not a few who met with us a year ago, not a few who were with us here more recently still and who perhaps looked forward with pleasing anticipations to this festive season, have vanished from our sight and are no longer in the flesh. We all shall quickly follow them, and, ere another return of the great Resurrection morn, no small company, out from this large congregation that is before me, will have ceased from the life that now is and joined the innumerable company of the dead. As we shall bend in silent prayer to-night, and shall then go our respective ways, what shall be the thought in our minds if it be not the thought still of the immortal life and of him who was and is its mighty revealer? What shall be the one petition of our hearts if it be not that we may be so earnestly and entirely consecrated to the will of God, that every doubt and fear shall pass away, and that the Christ may indeed be formed within us, the hope of glory?

Most of the dismal skepticisms, most of the painful feelings of dread and uncertainty, that afflict us with reference to the future world, or with reference to the truth and the final and universal triumphs of the Gospel, are born of unfaithfulness to the call of duty. Once let us go forth to vigorous effort in the service of God and man, as did

Paul and as did a greater than Paul, and it is wonderful how the spectres and shadows of distrust and unbelief fly from our minds. If it be true that faith inspires to work, it is equally true that work brightens and energizes faith. It is the idlers, the dreamers, the speculatists, the captious, illogical, miscalled "thinkers," who question only to cavil or deny. All through history and all over the world, it has been the men of thought and action both, who have held fast to the spiritual and eternal realities and led on the better fortunes of the race. Thence have come to the soul its surest comfort, joy, and rest, amidst all the trials and troubles of life. Oh, the unrest of the sorrowing ones, who vainly seek for solace and relief while they are in sad retirement from the useful employments of society and in the mournful self-delusion that there is nothing more for them to do on earth! But when the weary and heavy-laden sufferer begins to learn to some purpose the true secret of life, and enters more fully than ever into real practical forms of beneficence, then it is that new strength, a sweet peace, and a blessed hope, take possession of him. Work freshens and invigorates all the powers and faculties. It is by work that we grow—grow in grace and in knowledge; grow in faith, in hope, and in charity; grow more and more into the likeness of him who said, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." Brethren, the evening hours are gliding fast. In silence let us pray that we may all so live and serve that our Easters, be they many or few, shall find us nearer and still nearer to God, and the labors of life more and more acceptably fulfilled. And to Him shall be the praise.











